

Stranger Things 4 by Phoenixwrites101

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Summary: *warning spoilers for stranger things 3* The mind flayer is still out there, and it won't rest till it has what it wants. Kidnapings and murders are just common occurrences. And new and old characters come together for the final showdown between worlds.

Stranger Things 4

Little authors note... i really hope you enjoy! i have every intention of writing this story to the end but i dont update regularly, just fyi. ive got too many things to do lol (school being a main one)

anyways i really want to know your thoughts so please please please leave a reveiw, thank you and have a wonderful day!

CHAPTER ONE FIGHT MAN FIGHT

—

"You ready?" Dr Brenner looks down upon the little ten year old girl. Her black hair has been shaved off and her brown eyes are wide. She nods.

"Alright. You're just going to go into that opening there, do you see it?" The little girl looks toward the pulsing entrance to the Other Side. She gulps and nods. Dr Brenner pats her shoulder then gently pushes her forward. "Remember to keep your headgear on at all times," He reminds her.

The little girl goes to the sticky doorway and pushes a hand through. In truth the slime did not bother her, it was just another texture to discover. What bothers her is the doorway, which seems to be alive. She swallows hard and pushes her whole body through, falling to the other side. When she gets up fresh fear engulfs her.

The air is sickly and smells of rotting flesh. The air is dark and dry, flakes of an unknown substance float in the seemingly weightless yet heavy air. Vines and tendrils weave their way around everything that is there.

This isn't so bad. The girl thinks to herself. It looks just like home, well, 'cempt for the air and vines.

Starting forward the little girl made her way out of the Others lab and into the town that was known as "Hawkins". As she walked she began to notice that lights turned on if she got too close, so she made an effort to avoid all of them. She didn't want to be followed.

Soon she hears a gurgling chirping sound that come from all directions. This scares the little girl. Everything about this place scares her.

A strange growl like sound comes from behind her. The girl turns around to see a man-like creature with no face standing behind her. It reaches one gnarled paw toward the girl and opens its face in a full petal of teeth. It rawrs.

"Yeah alright Lonnie bubyee." Joyce hung the phone up and sat back at the kitchen table. Jonathan looked up from his coffee, got up, and left the room.

"Why is mom back in contact with him?" Will asked. False hope flourished in him. Part of Will wanted his dad back. Part of him knew Lonnie was bad news.

"Who is Lonnie?" El asked. Will frowned.

"He's our dad." Jonathan told her.

"But he doesn't live with you?"

"Ya. He and mom split up."

"Why?"

"They just didn't love each other any more. It's hard to believe they ever did."

Silence followed as they all sat and stared at the wall.

"We should get ready for school." Will muttered and El nodded.

"Maybe we should open with a gay joke next time,"

"Steve I am a gay joke!"

Robin and Steve made their way around downtown square. So far they had been turned down by six other jobs since they got fired from

the video store.

"Maybe this place is hiring?" Steve suggested. The place in question was the Hawkins Theatre, every Wednesday a comedian would perform for the elderly of Hawkins and the fathers who managed to get away from their smothering family's. Every few months the Hawkins Highschool theatre kids would put on a production of Shakespeare.

"Yeah let's try here." Robin said. Pushing open the old door into the theatre was no easy task. It creaked and groaned and swung back into place with surprising grace and force. Once inside, Steve and Robin took in the musky interior till their eyes fell on the old man who worked there.

"Hey uh do you take job applications?" Robin asked. The old man just ignored her.

"Hey can you hear us?" Steve asked. He waved a hand in front of the man's face. The man looked up with pinched lips.

"Yes I heard the young lady. And we need ticket sellers for the show this weekend if you're interested." The old man rattled. Steve and Robin nodded and the man gave them some papers to fill out.

—

"Hey Will, you draw me yet?" Stacy Smith called out. Will grinned and pulled out the cartoon drawing he had made for her. She smiled, held it up to admire. Then she handed Will fifty cents.

With his coin purse slightly heavier, Will set out to class. When he had first started school here he had just sat by himself and drew. But apparently that attracted a lot of attention, and kids all over the school loved his artwork so much they started to pay him for it. The daily exchange of artwork for money got Will thinking that maybe he could do this in the adult world. Draw for commission, it sounded fun and exciting. For him, drawing was creating another world, and unlike the Upside Down, he could make this world happy, light, and colorful. It was a wonderful world and fifteen year old Will figured it was the best one out there.

El on the other hand continued to be distant from her classmates. She didn't want to get to know them and she really didn't want them to know her. So when she didn't turn up for school that day, it wasn't surprising, and it wasn't even noticed. Not until Will got home did he bring up the fact that El hadn't been to school.

"Is she sick? Did she stay here?" He asked his mom. Joyce shook her head.

"Did she maybe go with Jonathan?" Joyce wondered. Will shook his head.

"Jonathan left out before we did." He told her. Joyce frowned. Where the hell was that kid?

—

El awoke to a bright light being shown in her eyes. She groaned and sat up. The last thing she remembered was walking to school and something sharp sticking her in the neck.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Came a booming voice from all directions. "I give you... the incredible... she's number eleven on Doctor Brenner's list... she's got telekinesis and a shit-ton of flashy mind tricks... and she is all yours for the high, high price of... let's start the bidding at ten million!"

El opened her eyes to see she was in a glass box. And all around her were well dressed business men pressed against the outside of the glass. And they were all bidding on *her*.

Panic started to set in. Her powers still didn't work, how was she supposed to get out of this? Tears started to wet her cheeks as she silently cried while scanning the room. All she saw were rows and rows of nice suits and white lab coats. Except for a young woman in the back. She looked a bit older than Eleven, she had shoulder length black hair and was wearing a "camouflage" (Eleven had recently learned the word) jacket. The woman had a hardness in her features, from the tightened lips to the crossed arms.

Eleven made eye contact with the woman and immediately felt a

strange sensation in her brain. She felt her eyes droop, and through her hazy vision she could see the woman close her eyes.

She was in her telepathy state. The black backdrop was something Eleven hadn't seen in a long, long time. But why was she here?

"I'm sorry," a monotone voice said. El turned around to see the woman standing behind her.

"Why...sorry?" El asked. The woman shrugged.

"It's my job to find other experiments and bring them to the auctioneer. I'm the reason you're here."

Eleven gaped at her. "Why you tell me this?" She asked. The woman looked down.

"Because I feel bad. If I hadn't taken the job I'd be in your shoes right now."

"You'd wear my shoes?"

"It's an expression. Means I'd be where you are right now. Being sold."

"Why?"

The woman held up her left arm. On her wrist was the number 007.

—

"What the hell is this?" Max asked. Lucas's smile faltered a bit.

"It's... a picnic!" He said, spreading his arms in the most dramatic way possible. Max just stared at him. "Look I know it's been hard for you with Eleven moving away and not having many friends and Mike being distant and we haven't been spending much time together and—"

"Get to the point." Max interrupted.

"What I'm trying to say is I made us some sandwiches and brought a candle. I thought we could have our tenth first date."

Max just stared at him.

"That is, if you don't want it I can pack-"

"You brought a candle? Is that safe?" Max said, while looking around at the foliage of trees pressing in on all sides.

"Well considering I forgot to bring matches to light it, yeah it's pretty safe." Lucas grinned.

"Let's eat!" Max stated. They then sat and enjoyed the sandwiches while bickering about life's inconsequential events.

—

"Mike. Mike. Miiiike!" Dustin whisper yelled across the lawn. Mike came tip-toe running to Dustin then skidded to his knees and rolled, hidden behind the annoyingly-fragrant flower bush.

"Is he doing it again?" Mike asked.

"See for yourself!"

Dustin's neighbor, a strange older man who always wore a bandanna to cover half his face had a habit of coming outside at exactly twelve pm to turn on the sprinklers, crouch, and stare at the water while furiously writing in a water soden notebook.

"I wanna know why he does that." Mike said. Dustin nodded.

"Maybe you should go over there and ask him." Dustin said with a grin. Mike lightly shoved him. Lightly as to not provoke a noise from Dustin, thus insuring their hiding place.

"Wonder if he's doing anyfing illegal?" Dustin wondered aloud. Both the boys collapsed into silent giggles. Despite Eleven and Will being miles and miles away, life was good. Christmas was only a week and a half away and the Byers were coming to visit for Christmas week. Mike couldn't wait. This was possibly the most excitement he'd felt in a long time.

—

El stopped running for a moment to catch her breath. She didn't

know how but Seven (the woman) had managed to cause a big enough distraction to get El out of that glass box. After that the only thing they had needed was speed.

"Thanks for agreeing to leave with me." El said. Seven smiled.

"I've been wanting to for a while but I never found the courage. Something about you makes me brave." Seven told her.

"When I was first found, Mike, my friend gave me a nickname so I wouldn't just be a number." El said.

"I hardly see how that's relevant." Seven said while checking round a corner.

"Maybe I could call you Sev?" El asked. Seven shrugged.

"Works for me. Long as you don't call me something rude." Sev laughed in a flat voice. "This Mike, where does he live?"

"Hawkins" Eleven told her. Seven nodded.

"Let's go there then. We can't stay in New York, the entire population of rich folks and scientists will be searching for us." Sev said. El agreed. Soon she would get to see Mike and tell him all that had happened on the last twenty four hours.